AMONG THE VENEZUELANS.

AMUSEMENTS AND HABITS OF THE GAT PEOPLE OF CARACAS.

Mewitching Ladies who Help the Traveller to Butterdies and Knowledge-Their Ceney Island Integed with Sharke-A Pete at Gunnan Blanco's Country Seat. Ladies of Caracas, I beg your pardon! In

writing the hymn of your praise last week I spoke of your beauty, your grace, your domes-de qualities, but I omitted to mention your virtue, that principal glory of a true woman! Not appreciated to any great extent when not marching side by side with grace and beauty. virtue is the third essential quality to complete the trinity of love. But you are virtuous, ladies of Caracas. Was it required to make special mention of it? I hesitated for a long while, But there are creatures in this world who do not always consider virtue a matter of course, and here must be no misunderstanding about it. Moreover, this is so pleasing a subject that I zuela. I postponed my horseback ride through



the country for a few days, in order to linger a little longer in the charming city of Caraoas, and, although these columns ought to begin with a description of this interesting journey. I will linger in spirit a little longer among you, ladies of Caracas. Am I to be blamed for it? My way led me through a wild country, abound-ing in certain parts with serpents and crocodiles. Why, therefore, not stay longer with you?

Moreover, I owe them a debt of gratitude. The ladies of Caracas were my faithful, devoted, and, what is more, successful collabora-tors in my scientific mission. One afternoon I drove through the beautiful, luxuriant valley of Caracas, on the Petare road, to the hacienda of Senor Ybarra. Rich sugar fields and coffee plantations, with their tall, shady bucare trees and the small dark-green coffee bushes be-tween them, surrounded us on all sides. The anks of the Guayre River, which waters the valley, were covered with immense bamboo bushes, thirty, forty, fifty feet high. Across the bushes, thirty, forty, fifty feet high. Across the river, on a small elevation, stood the dwelling of the Ybarras, for a century or more in the possession of the family. The young ladies of the house were my guides through the gardens and fields, pointing out every item of interest, and doing the honors of the haclends in a manner worthy of the daughters of a Spanish grandee. After a beautiful afternoon I and my friends were again seated in the cayriage to return to the town, when one of the ladies accidentally remarked: Are you interested in mariposase?" (butterfiles.) And without awaiting my answer she flew light-footed back to the house and returned an instant afterward with a large wooden box filled with a hundred of the most beautiful butterfiles, for which that country is famous.



"Take this," she said, holding it toward me, with a glance from her beautiful eyes and a smile on her lips, which—which made it impossible to refuse. Now, if anybody ever looks over my collection of butterflies he might be a mile to the mile of the collection of the property of the collection of collecting in collection of collecting the popular songs, the distribution of collecting the popular songs, and collecting the collection of collecting the popular songs, and the plane, and step young is dies present played the most popular meiodies on the piano, and sang the songs of the popular songs of the popular songs of the popular songs of the collection of the popular songs of the collection of the collectio

tics of the young dudes of the town to assemble at different hours at the doors of the different churches. The early mass at the cathedral, the 9 o'clock mass at the Church of Alta Gracia, and the 10 o'clock mass at Santa Terosa are the bost opportunities for those gentlemen. The churches of Caracas are not in any way remarkable; they are poor, with cheap, gaudy ornaments, badly made images of the Holy Virgin-crowned with brass crowns and attired in glittering robes. There are but four or five churches in Caracas, and none could be compared to the magnificent temples of God in Mexico, Cuba, or in Now Granada. The ancient convents have been turned into Government buildings and soldiers' quarters, and the gorgeous robes of the priests have been shorn considerably.

Venesuela is no longer a stronghold of the Roman Catholic religion; the priests are subjected to the laws of the country, and it seems to be owing only to their superior intelligence, and to their exemplary lives, that they still retain a good deal of their old influence. Until a few years ago there were neither chairs nor benches in any of the churches of Venezuela, and ladies had to crouch on the cold atone floor, in their bost drosses. Guzman Blanco, the 'Illustre Americano,' as he is called all over the republic, had chairs placed in the churches of the capital, with the agreeable result of diminishing the number of colds and rhaumatic attacks. In the interior of the country, however, ladies are still obliged to take seats on the bare floor, unless they resort to the old practice of the Mohammedans, and carry a small, square, thick carpet along, which they spread over the stone pavement.

When paying viatis or making excursions the ladies mostly resort to carriages, of which there are a good number, together with teams of fine native horses. They are also elegant riders, and I know several ladies Mrs. Sturup, the charming wife of the Danish Consul-General among them, who even undertook the very fatiguing journey to Valencia, the ladies showed me a



GEN. WINDEMAN,

a year. In Caracas, the beautiful Señorita Eva L. produced some handkerchiefs adorned by her nimble hands, after the fashion of the country, with the Tripita de la Reyna lace, which I have seen in no other country. It is made by pulling a number of threads from the finest linent tissue, and arranging the remaining loose threads very artistically in all sorts of ornamental figures. Another kind of native lace is the Catatumba, similar to the Tripita.

If not at work in this manner, the ladies attend to the wonderful orchids in their house yards, to the song birds, of which there a good many in Caracas, but rarely to the kitchen. The ladies themselvas never go marketing, but send their faithful servants, mostly Zambos, negroes, or pure Indians from the interior. They make excellent, faithful, and attached servants, and the importation of 200,000 of them to this goodly city of New York would prove a great boon.

An impression seems to prevail abroad that the ladies of Venezuela, being direct descendants of the Spaniards, are great smokers. I have made particular inquiries, but have found the contrary to be the case. How could it be different? The caraquents show such excellent taste and so much refinement that they could not possibly stoop to such vices. It seems, however, that cortain elderly ladies occasionally enjoy a good cigar when among themselves, but never in the society of gentlemen. Probably they would indulge in it a littlemors if disars and tobacco were better in Venemens. But there are no good digars to be had. The native tobacco, although grown in large quantity, is far below the average, and Havana cigars are very expensive. Of cigarettes, American or Turkish are almost unknown, and but those of Havana make are used. Among the women of the lower classes cigarette smoking is far more common, and women of a certain, or, to express it more plainly, of an uncertain, age indulge a great deal in cligar smoking. A curious and very general habit among them is smoking cigars inverted, with the burning end in



CONSUL J. A. SILVA.

I have been writing of after-dinner smoking, without mentioning the dinner itself, and yet a Venezueta dinner will be enjoyed by people of moderate pretensions and sound digrestive faculties. There are such things as national dishes, common to high and low all over the country of the Orinoco basin, from the Andes to Guyana, from the Caribbean Sea to the Amazonas. The first meal, or "desayuno," taken between 6 and 8 o'clock in the morning, usually consists of a cup of coffee (and what delicious coffee they make in Venezueta)) and bread, butter, and cheese. Sometimes fruit is added. At noon, or at rather some time between 12 and 1 P. M., the "almerzo" is served, consisting invariably, day for day throughout the year, of sancoche as the "piece de resistance." Sancoche is composed of a huge piece of beef, boiled with potatoes, carrots, beefs, apio, yuca, and other vegetables. The whole piece is placed on the table, with an extra bowl of soup, and each member of the family cuts off a slice proportionate to his appetite. Frequently the meat is enten first, and a plate of soun added afterward. This dish will be found during the noon hours of every day on the table of the President in the capital, of the haciendero among the plantations, and of the poor country people. Another dish of national fame is the "carre frita," meat cut in very small pieces and fried in grease or in mantequilla (butter). The vegetables mostly caten are "carotes," or black beans, in Mexico called frijoles, papas (potatoes, of which a small kind is grown in Venezuela, the larger kinds being imported from the United States), different kinds of salad, also the fine-flavored agausate and the delicious "plantanas fritus," or sliced fried bananas, which are the most common fruit of the country. The weather people and sonetimes stewed chicken, or liver, or other delicines to this meal. The dessert consists of duices or fruit jellies, specially the delicious guava jam, in Venezuela called guayava, excellent queso de mano (fresh ceane), and again coffee fully hard in hand with our state republic of the southern sea.

The dinner or "comida" vies with the "al-muerzo" in its substantial nature. Indeed, I am not yet sure which of the two is the princi-pal meal of the day. The mean is, however, virtually the same. For bread, arepa cakes, hot and heavy, are used all over the country. It takes a long time and a good stomach to get accustomed to those compact, white loaves of



GUZMAN BLANCO.

There is a great variety of fruit in Venezuela — julcy plneapples and mangos, enormous medlars, sweet guayave and prickly pear, delicious rinones, and line grapes. Bananas, bread fruit, aguacate and cocoanuts from the extensive palm groves of the coast regions are, of course, consumed in enormous quantities, but taken all in all the fruit of the Carlos, with the exception of piños (pineapples) and naranjas (oranges), cannot in my opinion be compared to the delicacies of our Northern fruit markets. Along the coast fish and turtles are added to the delicacies of our Northern fruit markets. Along the coast fish and turtles are added to the delivance of the coast fish and turtles are added to the delivance of the coast fish and turtles are added to the delivance of the coast fish and turtles are added to the delivance of the coast fish and turtles are added to the delivances. I aguayra, and Valencia keep French or Italian chaft de cuisine, and I do not desire to get a better dinner than those served deliv at the "Hotel de Commercio" of Caracas or of the "Hotel de Commercio" of Valencia.

The beverages moatly in use in the cities are French wine or imported German and American bottle beer. Owing to the heavy import duties imposed upon every article, beer is very expensive. I paid sometimes for a small bottle of Milwaukee lager, Vienna Dreher, or "Cumbatsheer" (Kulmbacher), six to eight reals, equal to as many dimes. The lower classes are very fond of aguardiente, manufactured from Indian corn or guarapo; but these strong drinks are usually taken in small quantities, and intoxicated persons are rarely seen in Venezuela. Fruit waters and Naranjada are also drunk a great deal, but the most popular drink with many is "agua de papelon" is simply water, sweetened with native sugar, in order to promote the making of pure white sucar, the importation of this article into Venezuela is entirely forbidden, and the sugar in general use is called papelon, being the product of cane, containing all the syrup or molasses.

The best



ANTIMANO.

land, and a near relative of Guzman, together with Madame de Ballestero, the fair wife of the Spanish Minister, had extended to me an invitation for a large garden party at Antimano. At the appointed hour over forty of the most beautiful ladies of Caracas, accompanied by about as equal number of gentlemen, belonging for he most part to the old Castilian aristocracy. I venezuela, assembled at the Antimano railitad station, to be conveyed to Guzman's country seat by a special train. The railroad is the work of no less a personage than Krupp of Easen, the German cannon king, and will be extended beyond Antimano over the mountains to the llanos, or plains, of the interior. At present it is linished as far as Antimano. Amid the strains of the curious national hymn of Venezuela played by a native band, which later in the day furnished the dance music, our train rolled on along the rich, beautiful cane fields of the Guayre valley. But I regret to say the picturesque scenery through which we passed was sadiy neglected by the young gentlemen of the party, for fairer objects in our close vicinity attracted and ultimately absorbed our attention. Arrived on the beautiful grounds of Autimano, we found the table set under the gallery of Guzman's country house. close vicinity attracted and ultimately absorbed our attention. Arrived on the beautiful grounds of Antimano, we found the table set under the gallery of Guzman's country bouse, and after a walk through the flower beds and shady promenades along the river we were conducted to the "almuerzo." The occasion reminded me vividly of similar pionics near Paris or Vienna in summer time.

The table was set with exquisite taste, the company was as refined as that of a European capital, and the menu proved to be as delicious as it was interesting, for it was composed entirely of national dishes:

Autimano.

Antimano. Almuerzo del 6 de Noviembre de 1887. Revoltillo, con Salchichas.

Entremesca.
Mayonesa de l'Angosta.
Hallanes.
Samon de York, con espinacas.
L'arrie à la lianero.
Salsa guasacaca y casabe.
Pavo asado, con ensalada.
Postres variados.

Salsa guasacaa y casaba.

Postres variados.

The reader will notice in the menu two names not yet familiar to him. Firstly, the hallaca (pronounced haynea), one of the most delicious dishes I have ever tasted. Is it always so savory, or was it oving to the articul devices of the chef? Hallaca is a curious olia podrida of chicken, ham, raisins, dulces, fruits of all sorts, and heaven knows what more, stuffed into a square bag of macaroni dough and boiled, a vertiable ambrosial dish, deserving to be introduced in our Northern climes. The next dish unknown to the American is the "Carne de Llanero." Two servants in livery, walking from seat to soat at a distance of about two steps behind each other, carried on their shoulders a long bamboo nole on which the hind quarter of an ox was sticking. The butler accompanying them passed from plate to plate, and cutting off large silees of meat placed them before every guest. The meat had been previously roasted over an open fire in the garden, after the practice in vogue all over the vast prairie regions of the Orinoco.

Is it necessary to add how much this lunch was enjoyed by all those present? It was a social circle of Paris translated into Spanish, a fashionable silee of the Fronch capital transferred to South America. Everything—totleis, jewelry, manners, and even the language, for everybody knew French—reminded me of it, excest the ladies themselves. They, were in grace and beauty decladely superior to their Galic estimes; it was at the same time one of the rare occasions where I saw the Voncerulation of the original custom broken, of seating the ladies in rows on one side of the room, the gentlemen opposite them on the other, a silly provincial habit which I invariably tried to change by boldy breaking "through the lines" whenever I had the opportunity.

These parties at Caracas, or Valancia are most enjoyable for the stranger, and he ought to avail himself of overy opportunity to be present. He will not only find there an inexhaustible source of distraction, and bec

and the sendency to increases in circumserence is not an expendicular sin France or Spain.

The great social season in Caracas is the winer months-from November to March or April—the time of the carnival, which is as gayly, but not as botstrously celebrated here as in Home. Antwerp, or tolognes, it is also the time for seabuling the property of the carnival which is as gayly, but not as botstrously celebrated here as in Home. Antwerp, or tolognes, it is also the time for seabuling the property of the carnival will age east of Laguayra, to be reached on a marrow gauge railroad within a half hour's time from that port.

I suppose Macuto became in the property of the carnival will a there. Gurman, or as the Venezuclans will their curious omission of all sharp sounds call him. Gooman, is not only the national here, the Napoleon of Venezucla, but he creates the Institute of the year might be called "the season." She shrugged her shoulders, and said: "We have a season, as long as Gooman is here; when he leaves, the soason is ever." Gurman managerities of the old Duke de Morny, whose son, by a ourious freak of destiny, became the hasband of Gurman's e dest daughter, now one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of Paris. Old Morny created Deauville, and Gurman's e dest daughter, now one of the most beautiful shady value, watered by a bubbling, cryatalline river. Mountains rise immediately behind it, several thousand feet high, the tops hidden by clouds, the sides covered with luxuribands of the all shady value, watered by a bubbling, cryatalline river. Mountains rise immediately behind it, several thousand feet high, the tops hidden by clouds, the sides covered with luxuribands of the all shady value, watered by a bubbling, cryatalline river. Mountains rise immediately behind it, several thousand feet high. the tops hidden by clouds, the sides covered with luxuribands of the party of the season of the north must not expect to find in Maouto to high and the party of the season of the season with them here to ha

A LEGEND OF THE ORKNEYS.

The Story of Strange Sea Polk Told by

Most people have heard of the Standing Stones of Stennis in Orkney In a silent circle vered with the lichens of dead centuries. Tourists come and gaze on them, picnic beneath them, and speculate vaguely as to how to they came there. Antiquaries also gaze, and proceed to evolve from their inner consciousness some theory to account for the origin of the process of the vestiges of have no legend of the race which raised them. All over the islands are the vestiges of some busy tribe who dwelt half underground, and have left to the worms and the rats their buried dwellings known now as. Brochs. Yet the fact remains that, while these neoples carlier tribes, who made terrible the islands of old, have left their traces in the legends with which the Orcadian children are kept quiet in the long dark winter evenings.

There lies on a moor not very far from Stennis a huge stone which was flung by a giant in the long dark winter evenings.

There lies on a moor not very far from Stennis a huge stone which have four flunds of the stone must have been there for generations before those which have outlasted man's memory at Stennis, and yet the very name of the man through whose quarrel it came there is unforgotten. Cubby lito was a bit of an engineer in his way and determined to raise a connecting mound smaller isle known as Wyre, or Veira. In the pride of his strength he took too great a lond of earth and stones in his creek, stumbled and representation of the strength he took too great a lond of earth and stones in his creek, stumbled and representation of the strength he took too great a lond of earth and stones in his creek, stumbled and their meeting place, known as thinkley and supering the stones. The standard products are still the great has a strength of the standard products and their meeting place, known as thinkley and supering the standard products and their meeting place, known as child the product of he maintain of the was creed a very early Christian chapol or hermiting. It seems just as probably the standard pr

THE JUBILEE OF LEO XIII.

A National Pestival in Bavaria. DUBLIN, Nov. 24.-Just as France was the first among Catholie nations to send representatives of her workingmen to Rome on the oc-casion of the Pope's sacerdotal jubilee, so Bavaria has been the first to inaugurate the solemn jubilee celebrations by a grand national

festival in Munich.

It is a markable fact that when the sacerdotal jubifice of Pius IX, was to be celebrated in 1869, and at the approach of the Vatican Council, the first movement for giving to this anniversary a world-wide character originated at Bamberg, in Bavaria. At that very time Prince Clovis Hohenlohe, then Prime Minister of Bavaria, and Dr. Doellinger were stirring ating the "Old Catholic" schism, which excited so much enthusiasm in non-Catholic circles on both sides of the Atlantic. We remember the first Old Catholic Council held in Munich, and the conversation of Dr. Reinkens as first Bishop of a Church which, it was hoped and said, would draw to itself the great majority of the Catholic population of Germany. Now, poor Doellinger and his "Old Catholic" Church have disappeared; but the feast just Boniface still live in Germany in the vigor of her eternal youth.

The feast was a national demonstration of love and reverence toward the Holy Father. Though all ranks of the clergy, nobility, and people united to give it this national character, it was left to the laity to organize and carry it out. All Bavaria, by its representative men, took part in it.

Though all ranks of the ciergy, nobility, and people united to give it this national character, it was left to the laity to organize and carry it out. All Bayaria, by its representative men, took part in it.

The place chosen for the assemblages was the magnificent Catholic Club House or Casino of Munich. The great hall is one of the largest and most beautiful in Germany. And as Munich is the paradise of terman artists, they took on themselves to decorate the nail for the occasion with a taste and a spiendor worthy of the reputation of the city. The elite of all Bayaria assembled there to do henor to the common parent, the Pontiff, who has inbored so patiently and so successfully to establish in Germany a true and lasting religious peace instead of the desolating persecution of the Kulturkamy.

Foremost among the princes, nobles, and distinguished public men was Monsignor Ruffoscilla, the nuncio, and by bis side were Archbishop von Stelchele of Munich, and Bishop von Leonrod of Eichstadt. It was a brilliant circle which surrounded them—the royal court, the members of both Chambers, the high courts of judicature, the aristocracy, the clergy of Munich, the great body of citizens, with the deputations from the provinces. No such occasion had ever before called together all that is best in the kingdom. It was a great lamily gathering animated by Intense love for a father, and this feeling found expression in a thousand ways.

A grand symphony from Weber seemed to act as a soothing spell on the multitude, hushing them into slience, and preparing them for the real flow of soul which followed. Count Von Preysing, the President of the Catholic Union of Ba aria, opened the proceedings. The Catholics of the kingdom had come there, he said, to say to Leo MIII. "Thou art Peter," and beseech this feast, now stood forth amid the hearty and to pay public homage to the virtues and statesmanlike wisdom of the Pontiff. He besought, as a preliminary, the blessings." Then Canon Kageror gave a rapid and tregand to which a control o

call to Simon. The most private, and hascest.

The chrone Nearcova around and transport of the chrone Nearcova around a new property of the chrone Nearcova around the chrone Nearc

MINNIE HAUR'S CASTLE.

The Charming Setrent in Switzerland where she Spends her Letoure.

Few of the American tourists passing through Basel on their way to the Swiss mountains are aware that one of America's famous songstresses possesses in the immediate vicinity of that old city a charming little retreat, where she spends part of her time when not occupied by her operatic engagements. Binningen Castle, Minnie Hauk's country seat, is



Basel. The way thither passes the Zoölogical Garden, along a pretty bubbling stream, whose crystaline water rushes rapidly to-ward the Rhine, only about two miles dis-tant, at the other side of the picturesque city. At a slight turning in the road the traveller will notice a large white square building, something between the modesty of greater pretensions of a castle standing on a slight elevation, and surmounted by a massive ower, on which the Stars and Stripes are waving. Groups of huge pine trees and lofty poplars surround the building on three sides, adding greatly to the picturesqueness of the spot. in order to reach the entrance to the park. The



eastle itself was a formidable stronghold once. whose owners controlled the highway from Italy to Basel, and held their own against the army of the burghers, with whom they were living in constant war. The ancient moat, which, up to a few years ago, surrounded the

NIGHT SHELTER IN PARIS.

PLACES WHERE HOMELESS PROPER ARE LODGED AND FED. ten Get Only a Supper of Bread, but Women Get Soup and Bread, and May Have Supper and Breakfast—Bread and Warmin for All—A Graulse Charity.

Under the heading of "Free Night Shelter

and Bread in Paris," the Catholic World for No-vember gives a very interesting account of the

great interest and efforts which have been

great interest and efforts which have been aroused within the past nine years in that city in the work of sheltoring the homeless poor of both sexes. The first modern institution of the kind in France was started in Marcelles, on Christmas day, 1872, under the name of "Œuvre Hospitalière," Six years after the good it had done and could do had been demonstrated, a beginning was made in Paris, and the first house was opened there in June, 1878, at 59 Bue de Tocqueville, by the Society of at 53 Rue de Tocqueville, by the Society of "l'Ocuvre de l'Rospitalité de Nuit." It is lay in its character, strictly Catholic and religious in its spirit, and declares its object to be "To provide for homeless persons, irrespective of age, nationality, or religious belief, a free and temporary night shelter; to relieve, as far as may be possible, their most urgent needs."

It releves men only, has a Board of twentysix managers, a President and three VicePresidents, and holds a general meeting once a year. It is entirely supported by voluntary contributions. The public, not in Paris alone, but throughout France, has generously responded by sums large and small to appeals made to it. The Paris press has given the charity its valuable and unanimous support. The painter Meissonier got up in 1884, upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his artistic life, an exhibition of his paintings, and gave four-fifths of the net proceeds to the Œuvre, and the remaining fifth to another charity. On April 11, 1882, the institution was recognized by Governmental decree "to be of public utility," which in France, besides entitling it to a high place in public estimation, carries with it certain valuable privileges. Two other houses were successively opened after the first one; one at 18 Boulevard de Vangirari, named Maison de Lamase, in recognition of the munificent donation of the late M. Beaudenom de Lamase, and the other at 18 Rue de Laghôuat. During the severe winter months of 1879-80 the editors of the Figaro opened a temporary refuge at 81 Boulevard Voltaire, which was closed on May 10 following. ande to it. The Paris press has given the

other at 13 Rue de Laghouat. During the severe winter months of 1879-80 the editors of the Figoro opened a temperary refuge at 51 Boulevard Voltaire, which was closed on May 10 following.

The internal arrangements are pretty nearly alike in all. They consist of four dormitories, a certain number of camp beds (these last for the use of lodgers uncleanly in their persons or habits), an office, a clother room, a sitting room supplied with a few books to read and with tables to write letters on. a room for the disinfecting of bedciothes during the day and of garments at night, also a habitation for the disinfecting of bedciothes during the day and of garments at night, also a habitation for the superintendent, and rooms for his assistants. A supply of simple medicines is kept on hand and medical services are afforded gratuitously. The three houses can together accommodate nightly 450 men, and are each under the special supervision of one of the Vice-Frosidents, Hours of admittance are from 7 to 9 P. M. Each applicant is required to give all needed information about himself, religious belief excepted, which is duly entered in a book. None can be be harbored longer than three consecutive nights, in which Saturany night does not count. Men who need it are required to underess in the disinfecting room and leave their clothes to be disinfected, and are supplied with long cotton night shirts. Foot baths of warm water are provided in winter for the footsore, or for those that wish them. Bed time is at 9:30, and nobody is allowed to leave the premises before next morning. The time for rising is at 5 or 6, according to the season of the year. Frayers, consisting only of memory of the season of the year. Prayers, consisting only of the season of the year. Prayers, consisting only of the season of the year. Prayers, consisting only of the season of the year. Prayers, consisting only of the season of the year. Prayers, consisting only of bread is given to every hungry man immediately after admission. Upon rising half an hour

sions of encouragement. The example set by Paris has been followed in other cities of France and of the Continent.

Night shelter for women in Paris had its inception through the Societé Philanthropique, founded in 1780. It also obtained, as far back as 1839, the Governmental recognition of being an institution of public utility. It opened its first night refuge on May 20, 1879, at 238 Rue St. Jacques. One day M. Emile Thomas dropped in, was much pleased with what he saw, and gave ten france. Shortly afterward he died and by his will left 200,000 france to the society. The house was accordingly named, in honor of his memory, Maison Emile Thomas, Next a lady, Mime. Camille Favre, gave 130,000 frances for the extension of the charity. The society was thus enabled to open two other night refuges, one in the Rue Labat and another in the Rue de Crimée, which has been named Maison Camille Favre. To this last one has been attached a free dispensary for children, under the charge of the Sisters of Notre Dame du Calvaire, where medical advice and medicines can be had three times a woek. The three houses, which at night have a red light hung over the street door, harbor homeless women and their children for three nights, and give them a supper consisting of bread and a bowl of good soup. Boys of from 5 to 12 years are sent to the night shelters for men. Admission is from 7 to 9 P. M. Cradies are provided for children. In the morning seach lodger is expected to take a shower bath and make herself as clean as she can with the facilities afforded. When dressed she gots a bowl of soup for breakfast, and must then be off to look for work. Ragged subjects are clothed with cast off garments from the clothes room. In an aggregate of 5,595 females harbored in the year 1883 there were 27 teachers, of whom two taught music; 7 dames de compagnicitady companions), 52 shop girls, 1,632 servants of all work, 487 cooks (thore was room and employment in the United States for that number if only good). 560 chambermaids, 296 charwomen, 1,5

HE FIRES AT HIS FATHER,

Mortally Wounding his Sister.
Columbia, S. C., Dec. 1.—John Edwards.

about 16 years of age, living in Darlington county, killed his mother, mortally wounded his sister, and slightly wounded his father today. The intention of the boy was to kill his

day. The intention of the boy was to kill his father, who was beating his mother.

Fred Edwards, the father and husband, was whipping one of his younger children, when Mrs. Edwards interfered. Edwards became euraged at this, and began beating his wife, He knocked her down and had her by the throat, when John rushed to his mother's help. The father selzed an axe and threw it at the boy, but missed him. The boy retreated into the house, but as his father continued beating his house, but as his father continued beating his house, but as his father continued beating his boy, but missed him. The boy retreated into the house, but as his father continued beating his house, but as his father continued beating his house, but as his father continued beating his house of heavily loaded and commanded him to cease his brutal conduct or he would shoot. Edwards to all of heed and his son fired. Unfortunately his aim was bad. Mrs. Edwards and a daughter, who had just gone to her sasistance, received most of the load of slugs. Mrs. Edwards died in a few minutes, but before doing so forgave and exonerated her son. The girl is not expected to live. Young Edwards is in jail.